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*The Sailing
of a
Refugee Ship*



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A REFUGEE SHIP

THE SAILING OF A REFUGEE SHIP

A Little record of the voyage of the

PRINCIPE DI UDINE

from Genoa to New York in August,
Nineteen Fourteen, during the first
days of the European Conflict



EDITED BY
ARNO BEHNKE

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New York, 1914

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No. 1

To
The Committee of Guarantors
MR. R. A. C. SMITH
DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
MR. GANO DUNN
MR. FREDERICK W. VANDERBILT

whose noble self sacrifice and steadfast patriotism made possible the "refugee"
voyage of the *Principe di Udine* from Genoa, August 12, 1914.

PREFACE

So many unusual circumstances attended the "refugee" sailing of the *Principe di Udine* from Genoa to New York in August that a permanent record of the voyage seemed appropriate; a record which would include refugee sketches, an accurate account of the chartering of the ship, and a log of the voyage.

With the hope that a booklet containing these three divisions of the crossing—its cause, start, and maturation,—might serve as a reminder to every passenger of the events he experienced in the refugee flight, and also as a permanent—if small—monument to the self sacrifice and steadfast patriotism of the men who undertook the responsibilities of the sailing, the editor compiled this little volume.

Its completion was made possible by the generous assistance of fellow passengers. To those who kindly related their refugee experiences and to those who in any way contributed to the publication of this record, the editor gives his sincerest thanks. In particular, he feels indebted to a group of passengers who gave invaluable assistance in the physical construction of the book. Miss Rose Churchill, of New Britain, Connecticut, suggested the general form

Preface—*Continued*

and sketched several of the line drawings; Mr. Fred H. White, of New York City, generously loaned the pictures for the illustrations; and Mr. Gustave Schirmer kindly had the manuscript placed on the presses of his busy establishment as soon as it was ready. Mr. Dudley Rogers, of Dedham, Massachusetts, aided the compilation materially by taking charge of the subscriptions.

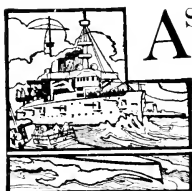
New York City, September, 1914.

ARNO BEHNKE

THE SAILING OF THE SHIP

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The Sailing of the Ship



AS soon as it was evident on August first that a general European war was certain, and means of transportation, as well as all sources of financial supply were cut off, the greatest agitation and distress prevailed among the tens of thousands of Americans scattered all over Europe. They naturally turned to the nearest embassy or consulate for advice and assistance. In view of the declared neutrality of Italy and the likelihood that that neutrality would be preserved and respected, large numbers of Americans concentrated in Milan and Genoa in the hope of being able to obtain passage to America on vessels sailing under the Italian (neutral) flag. By evening on August first, every available berth in the Italian ships scheduled to sail between that date and October first, was definitely engaged, and hundreds of names were upon the waiting lists. The Lloyd Sabaudo Company, which maintains a considerable fleet for the South American trade, and which also announces regular sailings to New York, had scheduled the steamer *Re d'Italia* to sail from Genoa on Tuesday, August eleventh. A few Americans, including Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and his family, Mr. and

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Mrs. George B. McClellan, and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Speranza of New York, were successful in procuring accommodations upon that ship. On Tuesday, August fourth, it was rumored that the *Re d'Italia* would not be able to sail, since the Italian Government had need of it for public uses. On the following day, definite announcement was made at Milan that the *Re d'Italia* would not be able to sail; and that the passengers having booked by it would have their payments refunded. It was then clear that it was by no means certain that any other ship would be able to sail from an Italian port, and the whole situation was involved in new gloom and uncertainty.

¶ On the evening of Tuesday, August fourth, Mr. R. A. C. Smith, Dock Commissioner of New York, arrived in Genoa from Venice, and early the following morning began negotiations to secure passage to New York for as many of his fellow Americans as possible. In conference with Consul General Jones, he devised a plan by which the steamer *Principe di Udine*, belonging to the South American service of the Lloyd Sabaudo Line, should be chartered through the agency of the Consul General in the name of the United States Government, all costs and charges to be guaranteed by Mr. Smith and his friends. The object of this plan was to remove so far as possible the uncertainty which prevailed as to the possibility of any early sailing from Genoa to New York, and to put the control of the whole matter into the hands of Mr. Smith and his fellow Americans.

¶ During August fifth and sixth, there was a concentration in Genoa of a large number of well known Americans who

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had been travelling in northern Italy when the war storm broke. In addition to Mr. Smith and his family, there were Dr. Butler of Columbia University, Mr. Gano Dunn, President of the J. G. White Engineering Corporation



CONSUL GENERAL JOHN EDWARD JONES, OF GENOA

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Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Medical Director J. C. Boyd, U. S. N., retired, and many others. All these gentlemen were in constant conference with Consul General Jones and with the hundreds of their fellow countrymen who were besieging the American Consulate for advice and assistance both by day and night. The plan to charter the *Principe di Udine* was submitted to Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page, at Rome, and approved by him. It is, therefore, due to the courage, sagacity and patriotism of Consul General Jones and the prompt and effective support of Ambassador Page that the sailing of the *Principe di Udine* was thus made possible.

¶ Therefore, a contract with the Lloyd Sabaudo Company was entered into by which this ship was chartered for the voyage to New York, the sailing to take place on August twelfth, without fail, at a charter price for the first and second cabin accommodations, of 300,000 francs. When the negotiations were at this stage, it was the intention of the steamship company to call at Naples, and also at Palermo, in order to embark some 1100 Italian emigrants in the steerage of the vessel. Farther study of the situation made it plain that the carrying of emigrants would be undesirable because of the four days delay their embarkation would occasion, and because of the possible embarrassment their presence on the vessel might afford to the Americans. Therefore, the committee of guarantors, consisting of Messrs. Smith, Butler, Vanderbilt, and Dunn, asked the Lloyd Sabaudo Line to fix an additional charter price, in return for which the ship would sail directly from Genoa,

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without calling at Naples and Palermo, and without any emigrants in the steerage. An agreement was reached by which the additional sum of 200,000 francs was paid for this amendment to the original contract. The charter price, therefore, was 500,000 francs, gold.

¶ No sooner was this contract signed, than new difficulties arose, and it was not until the gang-plank was actually hauled in and the ship began to move at noon on Wednesday, August twelfth, that those in charge of the undertaking could breathe freely.

¶ By the terms of the charter, 50,000 francs had to be paid in cash to the Lloyd Sabaudo Company before 4.30 P. M. on Friday, August seventh, and the balance, 450,000 francs, on the day before sailing, Tuesday August eleventh. To meet these conditions required no small ingenuity, as well as constant and difficult negotiations. A moratorium had been declared in Italy, and the banks were only paying their depositors limited and small amounts daily. It was next to impossible to obtain cash on letters of credit issued in America, and, with the exception of the checks issued by the American Express Company, practically no travelers' checks were available. One or two of the larger banks both in Milan and in Genoa made small daily payments on account on letters of credit, but it was not possible in this or in any other way to accumulate sufficient cash to make the payments required by the charter. At this point, the general manager of the American Express Company in Genoa, Mr. Sarentino, came to the aid of the Americans with splendid resourcefulness and generosity. By taking the

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personal checks and personal guarantees of the guarantors, he was able at 4.25 P. M. on Friday, August seventh, or five minutes before the option expired, to make the payment of 50,000 francs to the Lloyd Sabaudo Company.

¶ Meanwhile, it had been discovered that the National City Bank of New York had a considerable cash deposit in the banks of Genoa. The guarantors, therefore, attempted to open negotiations by cable with their own banks in New York, asking these to transfer to Genoa through the City Bank sums sufficient to enable them to make the final payment of 450,000 francs, gold on Tuesday, August eleventh. Owing to the war conditions which prevailed, these cables were greatly delayed in transmission, but a final and most urgent personal cable sent by Dock Commissioner Smith to President Vanderlip of the National City Bank on Sunday, August ninth, reached him and brought instant response. He stated that the necessary funds had been transferred to Genoa through London. It was now within forty-eight hours of the time fixed for the sailing of the ship, and the Banca Commerciale in Genoa would not accept Mr. Vanderlip's cable as evidence that the money had been transferred, without additional confirmation from London. This confirmation could not be obtained owing to the long delays and uncertainties in telegram communication, to say nothing of the rigid censorship prevailing in each one of the belligerent countries. Here again the general agent of the American Express Company came to the rescue. By his co-operation and through his acceptance of the personal checks and guarantees of the committee of

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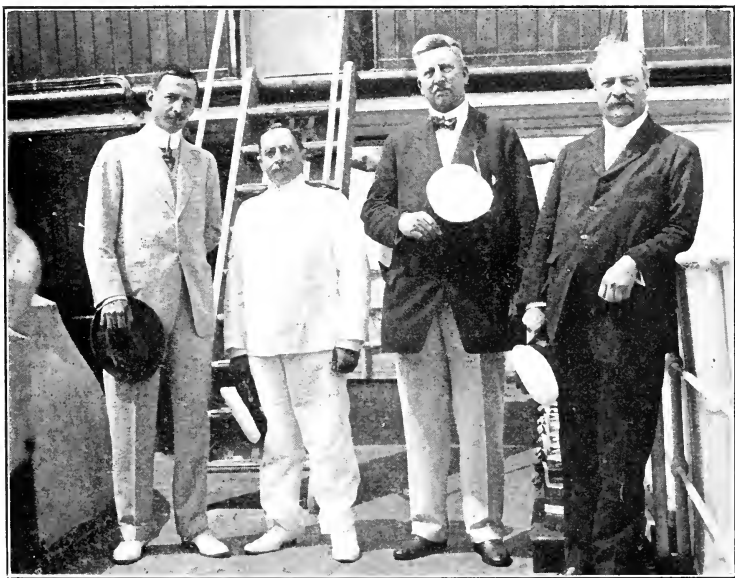
guarantors, it was possible to make the final payment to the Lloyd Sabaudo Company in time to carry out the terms of the charter and thus permit the ship to sail. From the whole company of 400 passengers, it proved possible to collect only about 60,000 francs in actual cash. The balance was taken by the guarantors and by the American Express Company in the form of drafts attached to letters of credit, in receipts for prepaid return steamship passages, in travelers' checks of various kinds, and in personal checks on well known banks and trust companies in the United States. Inasmuch as gold was at a premium of fifteen per cent, according to official advice of the American Express Company, and since there were various bankers' commissions and other charges, the payment of 500,000 francs, gold for the ship required a payment, in lire, of about 575,000 francs, or approximately 115,000 dollars.

¶ It is difficult to make clear to those who were not in Genoa or in Europe during these days of uncertainty and anxious distress, what formidable difficulties of every kind—technical as well as financial—had to be surmounted, and what an amount of patience, ingenuity and resourcefulness were needed to overcome them. All these financial negotiations were carried on in behalf of the committee of guarantors by Messrs. Smith, Butler, and Dunn; Dock Commissioner Smith acting as chairman of the committee and taking the leading part in all the negotiations.

¶ Meanwhile, a system had been organized by which places on the ship were assigned to as many as possible of those who were in waiting and had registered their names

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in the office of Consul General Jones. Within an hour, an administrative system was devised, which was a model of effectiveness and promptness. Three vacant rooms were hired in the same building with the office of the Consul General, and some old tables and planks were quickly arranged as office furniture. Anxious inquirers were received by Mr. Henry Saunders Haskell, of New York City, who gave accurate information regarding the ship, the rates to be charged for passage, the date and place of



MR. DUNN, CAPTAIN TISCORNIA, MR. SMITH and DR. BUTLER,
on board the *Principe di Udine*

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sailing, and other matters of detail. The assignment of rooms and berths was made at the next desk by Messrs. Smith and Butler. Intending passengers then recorded with Mr. Louis Dwight Ray, Headmaster of the Irving School, New York, their full names and addresses both in Genoa and in the United States. At the right of Mr. Ray sat Mr. James A. Lewis, of New York, who made up the official list of passengers for the ship's manifest. Intending passengers then passed into the next room where they were received by Mr. Gano Dunn, who served as treasurer and accepted in cash or in evidences of credit their payments on account for their passage. In this work Mr. Dunn was assisted by Mr. George R. Stearns, a leading cotton manufacturer of Augusta, Georgia, and by Dr. W. O. Bartlett of Boston. When these details had been settled, the agents of the Lloyd Sabaudo Company, who were seated at an adjoining desk, issued the passage tickets. These arrangements were continued throughout Monday and Tuesday, August tenth and eleventh, and the men worked far into the nights of both days, completing their records and checking their lists. The whole work was done with promptness, accuracy, and efficiency.

¶ Inasmuch as no Italian emigrants were taken on the ship, the vessel was managed as if it were a single class boat, and all passengers, wherever berthed, and paying whatever rate, had the full privileges of the decks and public rooms. The price of passage to New York was fixed at 250 dollars, gold, minimum price, per berth for accommodations in the rooms scheduled as first cabin; 100 dollars.

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gold, per berth for accommodations in the rooms scheduled as second cabin; and 50 dollars, gold, per accommodation in the "dormitories" as the steerage was called after it had been thoroughly renovated. These "dormitories" provided places for fifty women at one end of the ship, and for eighty men at the other. Every berth was speedily allotted, and very many anxious Americans had to be left behind. The ship was crowded to the utmost capacity of its sleeping and table accommodations. It was necessary to provide in both salons for two services at luncheon and two at dinner,



THE *Principe di Udine*

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and the ship's stewards were engaged from morning till night in caring for the needs of the passengers.

¶ None but Americans were permitted on the ship, with the exception, of course, of the ship's own personnel. Provision was finally made for 399 in all. Of these, 193 were berthed in what was described as first cabin, and 206 in what were described as second cabin and the dormitories. Of these, 166 were men and 233, women. A number who were absolutely destitute of funds were taken without payment of any passage money whatever.

¶ It was necessary, in order to provide for so many, to separate families in many cases, and to berth three to six women or men together in a single room. All this was most cheerfully accepted by the passengers as a necessity of the situation, and the utmost good feeling prevailed.

¶ In order to provide for the health of the passengers, a special volunteer medical service was organized—in addition, of course, to the excellent provision made by the ship's surgeon himself—under the direction of Dr. John C. Boyd, U. S. N., with whom were associated Dr. A. C. Stanley, of Washington, Dr. W. O. Bartlett, of Boston, and Dr. Stewart Paton, of Princeton, New Jersey. Dr. Boyd and his associates saw that the ship was specially provided with a full outfit of medical and surgical supplies, and they did yeoman's service in caring for the ills of the passengers. Mrs. Evelyn R. Simpson, a graduate of the Mt. Sinai Hospital Training School, offered her services as ship's nurse, and she gave those passengers who were ill the most skilful and tender care during the entire voyage.

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¶ For the entertainment of the ship's company, a committee was appointed consisting of Mr. Landon Thomas, of Augusta, Georgia, Mrs. William H. Hill, of Boston, and Mr. Joseph B. Thomas, of New York.

¶ The committee of guarantors, consisting of Messrs. Smith, Vanderbilt, Butler, and Dunn, not only guaranteed to the American Express Company in Genoa the letters of credit, travelers' checks, and personal checks of those of their fellow passengers who were unknown to the American Express Company, but they also assumed the obligation to meet the deficiency which resulted from the difference between the passage money paid by the 399 passengers and the chartered price of the ship. In round numbers this deficiency amounted to 40,000 dollars.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the "Unofficial Log" is reprinted a copy of the resolutions passed by the passengers of the ship, in which they expressed their appreciation of the generosity and untiring efforts of the Committee of Guarantors. Besides adopting these resolutions, the "refugees" arranged for the purchase of a handsome testimonial to be presented as a token of their gratitude to Mr. R. A. C. Smith, for his devoted and loyal service in the capacity of Chairman of the Committee.

REFUGEE SKETCHES

REFUGEE SKETCHES

Introduction

¶ During the delightful task of collecting refugee sketches from fellow passengers, I experienced only one disagreeable sensation, and that was the realization—the overwhelming realization—that I could not record the war experiences of everyone on board. I often wished that, like Beelzebub, I were legion, so that I might gather every tale which circulated amongst the ship's company; but my wishing did no good and I heard only forty accounts during the trip.

¶ Some of these stories dealt with sights and sounds that cause the soul to ache; sights of a national hatred which transformed the children of twentieth century culture into ravaging vandals, and sounds of the shuffling of many feet in secret midnight mobilizations.

¶ I wanted to record them all, but limitations of space forced me to omit many, to shorten others, and to choose for variety as well as for general interest.

¶ In recording these narratives, I have given the substance rather than the actual words of the authors; not from reasons of choice, but from necessity, for I do not write shorthand.

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If the persons whose accounts I have published think that I have erred in the transcription of their tales, I am exceedingly sorry, and I take the opportunity at this time to offer them my most sincere and humble apologies.

¶ In every instance, I have told the accounts in the first person, and with very little introduction, believing that this would be the most satisfactory manner. Although I should gladly have written a Chaucerian prologue,—because the narrators are a charming group of people—such a task surpasses my feeble powers, and I present only the tale, and not the teller.

THE EDITOR.



REFUGEE SKETCHES

MR. McCLELLAN'S ACCOUNT

¶ Mr. George B. McClellan, formerly Mayor of New York, on being asked about the hardships he had undergone in reaching Genoa, replied that he had experienced nothing but a phenomenal streak of luck. He said:

Mr. McClellan

“I was at Karer See in the Tyrol when Austria’s military activities forced foreigners to leave the country. Although my party suffered no hardships, we saw the devastation of war all about us. The valley in which the Karer See lies was sucked absolutely dry; the government took men, horses, oxen, goats,—everything, leaving only the feeble and the young.

“The situation of the people throughout the Tyrol is heart-rending, because they depend largely on the summer visitors for their subsistence. With the departure of the guests from the hotels, went the natives’ means of livelihood. One old woman, who conducted a fruit stall, said to me as she pointed first to her little son and then to some rotting pears, ‘This is all they have left me. My man is gone, and I cannot get any more fruit. Even if I could, there would be no one to eat it.’

“On another occasion—the day after the call for mobilization had reached the Tyrol—I met a guide on my tramp over the mountains. He was hurrying along, looking neither right nor left. I gave the customary Tyrolese greeting, ‘Grüß Gott,’ but he rushed by without replying; probably he had not even heard me in his preoccupation. A little later, I reached his hut where I found his wife in tears’

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She sobbingly answered my question as to what the trouble was by saying, 'They have taken my man away to kill him, and have left me here to die alone.'

"As I said, I personally experienced nothing but luck in getting to Genoa. One morning, after the government had commandeered practically every horse in Karer See, I chanced to see an old dilapidated conveyance drawn by two thin horses pass my hotel. I put my head out of the window and asked the driver where he was going. He said to Bozen, where he was going to give up his horses. I asked if he would take some passengers, to which he replied in the affirmative. Then, although it was only five o'clock in the morning, we packed and went away on his wagon. After we had gone, only four guests remained in the establishment which was built to accommodate 450.

"From Bozen, quite by chance, we caught the last train to Riva on the Lac de Garde, where we found our hotel—a palatial edifice—conducted by one waiter and an idiot boy. The former blacked boots, cooked meals, and made beds, besides doing military duty every other day. Then we chanced to catch a boat down the lake, although the steamship company had cut off the regular service. Then, by more chance, we connected with an express train to Milan. Here I met Dr. Butler and Mr. Vanderbilt, who told me about boat sailings. I then purchased passages on the *Principe di Udine*, and here for the first time I almost encountered difficulties, because I had to deposit fifty per cent. of the passage money, and along with other Americans, I had been able to draw but ten pounds a day, so that I was short of cash. But my phenomenal luck did

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not desert me, for Mr. Vanderbilt's courier happened to be in the office at the time and he identified me, whereupon the man behind the desk took my personal check on New York. Then I went to Genoa where I enjoyed perfect comfort all the while."

MR. HOLMES' ACCOUNT

¶ Mr. E. T. Holmes, President of the Holmes Electric *Mr. Holmes* Protective Company, was at Aix les Bains during the first days after the declaration war. He narrates:

"On Monday morning, August third, I was at Aix les Bains with many other Americans, amongst them Admiral Ward, Mortimer Schiff, Cary Sanger, Daniel Guggenheim, Major Curley, and Norman Mack, of New York. We foreigners held a meeting at ten A. M., and formed the 'Association of Americans and British in Aix les Bains' with Admiral Ward as President, Mr. Cary Sanger and an Englishman as Vice Presidents, and Mr. Mortimer Schiff as Treasurer. Messages were sent to Ambassadors Herrick at Paris and Page at Rome, and to the State Department at Washington.

"Since the last Friday, a vast change had come over Aix. On that evening, everything was going as usual,—music, entertainments, and gayety; Saturday night at eleven, all had stopped. Cooks began leaving their kitchens; waiters, porters, even proprietors were departing. Sunday morning, there was hardly a native man left in Aix. The good-byes of all day Sunday and the crying of the women and children will never vanish from my mind.

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“No one had been able to get near a bank for three days, so that many Americans of wealth had less than twenty-five dollars in their pockets. The hotels had agreed to take care of their guests and to accept personal checks for board. Five francs seemed like fifty dollars, and no one felt like letting a single franc get away. Monday, the situation was more calm, until in the afternoon, when we were startled by big printed bulletins posted on every hotel which said that all strangers must be out of Aix by midnight, Tuesday.

“The hotel proprietors rushed to the office of the Mayor and to the Chief of Police to find out what it all meant. They came back with the welcome information that strangers who could show that they had plenty of means of support could remain if they were vouched for and if the proprietors of their hotels had agreed to take care of them. Lists of all guests and their home addresses were filed with the Chief of Police. I was struck by the severity of the measure which turned all strangers out of the various European countries without providing for their means of departure. All but Frenchmen had to leave France, all but Swiss had to go from Switzerland, and all but Germans, from Germany. Many of the Swiss who were in Aix were forced to walk from the city.

“On Tuesday, the French Government took horses away from everybody, even commandeering five from a woman’s private stable. They also took many automobiles, mostly cars of about twenty horse power, seeming not to want the high power machines.

“On Wednesday afternoon, I received the following wire from my friend, Mr. R. A. C. Smith, whom I had expected

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to meet in Aix: 'Suggest that you join us in Milan where we can get to some Southern port.' I sent a fifty word reply saying that it was impossible for us to get out of Aix at the time. An hour later, I received another communication: 'We are leaving for Genoa, Hotel Miramare, Smith.' My first thought was to go there also, so that I engaged a motor to carry us the next morning to Modane on the Italian border. However, after more deliberation, I decided that my party of seven could not afford to leave this place where we were sure of lodgings, in order to go to Genoa, when we did not know what difficulties we might encounter there, so that we settled down to await further developments. About five o'clock Friday, I received a wire from Mr. Smith that almost took the legs from under me. 'Have chartered ship with the American Consul, sailing Wednesday. Reserving accommodations for you. Must know quick.' I immediately asked the proprietor of my hotel if I could get passports for my party the next morning at nine o'clock as soon as the Mayor's office opened. He replied that I could if we had had our pictures taken. We had done this, for almost everybody in Aix had been having his picture taken during the last few days, since announcement had been made that the *Laissez Passer* permitting strangers to leave France would have to bear the holder's photograph. After receiving my information from the proprietor, I told my party to pack at once, so that we might depart the next morning at nine o'clock.

"Then I rushed to the American Garage and with the great help of Mr. Nelson Robinson of West 55th Street, New York, who knew the proprietor, engaged a high power

A REFUGEE SHIP

limousine car and a truck for baggage at a cost of one thousand francs (\$200.00) each, giving my personal check in payment.

“At nine-twenty the next morning, we had our *Laissez Passer’s* and at ten o’clock we were off, much to the amazement of the other guests in Aix, who were astounded that we should take a chance at getting through to Italy. Their wonderment was not unfounded, for the town had been full of moving troops for two days and we had constantly heard reports of the confiscation of automobiles and gasoline, yet I decided to try my luck. During the seventy-five mile drive from Aix to Modane, we were stopped seventeen times by soldiers, who on two occasions pointed their guns directly at me. Our little French flags at the windshield and our passports served to get us through, however, without difficulty every time, especially after our French maid had exchanged a few jovial words with the guards.

“At one place, the soldiers had barricaded the road with logs, and in two other places, with chains. Three times we became entangled with regiments of moving cavalry and supply wagons. Once we passed a train made up of twenty-eight coaches full of Italian refugees who were fleeing from France. They were crowded in coaches of all kinds,—second and third class, and even in box cars provided with boards for seats.

“We arrived in Modane at three thirty, and there discovered that the next train would leave for Turin at six. After the customs officers had examined our baggage and we had had this checked to Genoa, we purchased first class

REFUGEE SKETCHES

tickets to this port, paying out good money, of which we had very little. The railroad officials told us that the train would be made up there, but six o'clock came without any evidence of a train. A little later, we were told that one would soon come along, and at six forty-five, the terrible train of twenty-eight coaches full of Italian laborers pulled into the station. I could not believe that this was the one we were to take, but the officials insisted that it was the last and only one going to Turin that night, and since Modane was even a worse proposition than that train, we boarded it bag and baggage and went into a compartment—seven of us—already filled. Five of my party finally succeeded in finding seats, but the other two of us had to sit on our baggage in the corridor. Six hours spent in the worst Italian settlement in New York could be no worse than the six hours spent on that train. Our only meal that night consisted of a few rolls left over from luncheon and a bottle of water—a fare just as plain as that of the peasants all around us. We finally arrived at Turin at two o'clock in the morning.

“From Turin, we proceeded to Genoa under usual conditions. Here I made connections with Mr. Smith and secured a passage on the *Principe di Udine*.

“During this anxious week, I had heard from one sister in Lucerne and another in London, but I could not get in communication with a young lady cousin who was traveling with a party of ten in charge of an Italian courier. I had met her in Venice, and I knew from her itinerary that she must be somewhere between Interlaken and Genoa, and I was worrying about her continually, since I did not think

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that I could possibly sail without her. As fortune would have it, at dinner that first night in Genoa, a woman came up to me and asked if I were Mr. Holmes. Upon learning that I was Mr. Holmes, she asked if I had lost trace of a cousin. I at once replied that I certainly had. Then she said, 'Well, she is within forty minutes of this hotel; I was talking with her this afternoon at a bathing beach, and she told me that she wished that she could find a cousin of hers, a Mr. Holmes of New York'.

"I had the porter call up the Hotel at Pegli and ask for Miss Holmes. She came to the telephone, and within five minutes, I was talking with the person about whom I had been worrying for a week. The next morning, she was at my hotel ready to sail with me. I felt heartily glad to know that all my relatives in Europe were safe at last."

MRS. VANDERBILT'S STORY

Mrs. Vanderbilt ¶ Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt was living at the Miramonti Hotel in Cortina when the disturbance broke out.

"We personally experienced no exciting adventures or hardships," she said; "but all about us we saw the suffering and pain brought on by the war. At my hotel—managed by a woman whose husband was a captain in the Austrian army—we felt the grip of military activities as soon as war was declared.

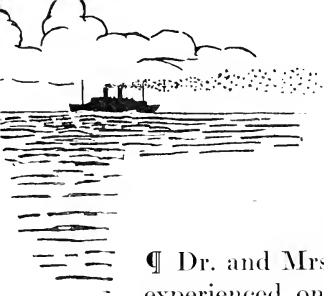
"When I first arrived at the Miramonti, I found the establishment so quiet and undisturbed that I never dreamed it would become the scene of sighs and tears. Red-

REFUGEE SKETCHES

checked maids, clad in those picturesque peasant costumes with the short skirts and beaded bodices, smiled from morning till night as they cared for our wants. Then suddenly one day, the captain received orders to report at his post. Not long after, the two stalwart sons had to go, leaving the woman alone with her maids and a little boy to manage the house. This seemed intolerable enough, yet the government increased her burden by confiscating all her horses, even her little boy's black pony.

"Everywhere in the hills, we saw evidences of similar hardships. Weak remnants of families—feeble grandfathers and little children—struggled to complete the harvests their sturdy men had left unfinished. One day, I saw an old man, assisted by two women and a young boy, pulling an oxcart to the fields where they were probably going to load it with grain. The war had deprived them even of their beasts of burden. How they will live if the fighting continues, I cannot imagine.

"We had to leave Cortina because the train and motor service was to stop shortly. Later, we met some Boston people who had arrived at our hotel after we had gone. They said that the place had been closed because of scarlet fever. The little boy had been taken with this terrible disease soon after our departure. The Boston people tried to help the poor woman, but they could offer no aid, since all the doctors in the vicinity had gone to the front. They had to leave her there, alone, without help, without means, and with a deathly sick child. I shudder to think of it."



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DR. PARKER'S ADVENTURE

Dr. Parker

¶ Dr. and Mrs. Virgil F. Parker, of Brooklyn, New York, experienced one of the most trying adventures heard on board the ship. Dr. Parker told the following story:

“Mrs. Parker and I had just ended a motor trip at San Sabastian, Spain, when the war broke out. On Saturday, August first, we boarded a train for Marseilles in order to make our boat—the *Canada* of the Fabre Line—back to America on the following Monday. In San Sabastian we knew nothing whatsoever about a war between France and Germany. Only after we had passed the French border and had seen soldiers guarding the tracks and tunnels everywhere and the fields destitute of men, did we surmise that something unusual was going on. Then hordes of French peasants began to pour into our train. At every station, more crowded in until not another person could have climbed on board. Fifteen people pushed their way into our compartment built to accommodate eight. My wife and I were jammed into our seats so tightly that we could not move; to make matters worse, a big, fat peasant suddenly plumped himself upon my lap. I protested vehemently, but he could not understand English and I could not speak French, so that my objections affected him as little as if I were giving a monologue in Patagonian about the next tribal bear hunt. My legs had hardly become inured to the pressure of his two hundred pounds, when a new calamity came upon us. A woman, too tired to stand any longer, seated herself in the open window, effectually shutting off our already meager supply of fresh air.

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“For twenty-seven long hours we sat in that inferno. From Saturday afternoon until Sunday night, we endured a torture I had believed impossible this side of Purgatory. I tried my utmost to secure food, but without success, for I could not budge from my seat to get at the scanty supply sold by the vendors at the stations. Fortunately, Mrs. Parker found a shriveled lemon in her handbag, forgotten there since we had left America more than a month before. By squeezing and rolling it between my hands, I succeeded in pressing out fifteen precious drops. We had never appreciated the delicious flavor of lemons before this time. I am willing to wager that no Olympian god ever enjoyed his nectar more than we did that sour juice. The relief which the two drops of water of parable fame would have afforded the Rich Man in Gehenna would shrink into insignificance compared to the refreshment we derived from our withered lemon. During twenty-seven tortuous hours, hours of heat, smoke, cinders, and foul air, no other nourishment passed our lips. I never realized up to that time how much agony a human body can endure.

“We learned afterwards that our train was the last one carrying civilians over the Pyrenees. Even though two engines pulled it all the way, we made so many stops and went so slowly that we covered only about 350 miles in those terrible twenty-seven hours.

“During the next two days, Monday and Tuesday, we lived in the midst of mobilization activities. Marseilles fairly shook with the tramp of marching feet; thousands upon thousands of men poured in from the surrounding country to this point of concentration. Very quickly, lodging

A REFUGEE SHIP

accommodations gave out, so that the incoming people had to sleep in the parks and streets. They crowded into the open square in front of our hotel like a lot of sheep into a fold, trampling on the grass and flower beds with ruthless unconcern. Some wore soldiers costumes, some wore the red trousers of the French army with ordinary civilian coats; many carried round loaves of bread strapped to their backs because the price of foodstuffs was rising daily and rumor had it that the supply would give out shortly.

“At all hours of the night, the heroic *Marseillaise* burst forth from excited throats. Even though I was in straits because of the very situation which led to the singing of that song, its stirring melody and martial rhythm thrilled me through and through.

“On Monday, we learned that the *Canada* would not sail, since the government had ordered her to report with the fleet as a hospital ship. Before we made this discovery, we had put our trunks on board, so that we now gave them up for lost. Luckily, however, our porters succeeded in carrying them down the gang-plank just before the vessel pulled out. Right after this, we received the information that the banks refused to cash travelers’ checks and letters of credit. I had \$300.00 in American Express Company’s checks and three francs in cash. By dint of some of the most economical buying we have ever done in our lives, Mrs. Parker and I made that sixty cents purchase three meals, and you may believe me that ten cent luncheons and dinners looked pretty slim after a twenty-seven hours fast.

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“Monday afternoon, we went to our consulate where we found fifteen fellow countrymen in similar hard straits. The seventeen of us swore eternal allegiance and fidelity to our little band. The consul told us that the French government had issued orders that all foreigners must leave Marseilles by midnight Tuesday, and also that no one would be allowed to go without first getting permission from the Chief of Police. These commands put us into a pretty plight, for none of us knew of any available trains or boats leaving the city. We felt as helpless as prisoners tied hand and foot in a dungeon who might be ordered to fly.

“By the time Mrs. Parker and I had walked back to our hotel—we had not any money to squander on either cab or car fares—we were almost ready to have ourselves arrested as spies, for in prison we could at least obtain food and drink. Our proprietor told us that the hotel rates had advanced all over the city, at which I took great pains to explain to him that if he increased the charges for our accommodations, he might just as well put our baggage into the street at once, because we absolutely could not afford to pay more than the usual price. He kindly allowed us to remain.

“Not long afterward, a riot broke out in the street not far from our hotel. A huge mob of mad Frenchmen began to storm two shops owned by Germans. First they hurled brickbats and cobble stones into the windows of a jewelry store and after they had completely ruined the contents of this place, they turned upon the establishment of a furniture dealer. In both instances, they destroyed the merchandise without taking any of it for plunder. Such hatred made my blood run cold.

A REFUGEE SHIP

“Late Tuesday afternoon—in fact, so late that I could not notify the other Americans—I received a ‘tip’ that a boat carrying refugee German officers and civilians would sail for Genoa at midnight, and that Mrs. Parker and I might go along, if we could get the necessary permission from the Chief of Police. We hurriedly packed our baggage, giving one trunkful of clothes, for which we had no urgent need, to the hotel proprietor in return for his kindness in allowing us to stay in his establishment at the normal rates, and rushed to the police station. To our dismay, we found this place closed for the day. In desperation, we decided to try to board the boat without the Chief’s permission.

“On our way to the dock, we saw scores of deserted wagons in the streets, left standing in their tracks by the officers who had commandeered the horses. We passed one square filled with these animals, proud racers standing side by side with clumsy toilers of the fields. A soldier clad in blue and red went from horse to horse painting large white numerals on their necks. The white paint on his brush erased all distinction of blood and breed; each horse lost his identity and became a cipher.

“Very few automobiles except those in the government service were to be seen on the streets, for the military had also commandeered motor vehicles. Those being used by the army flew little French flags at their windshields.

“When we arrived at the dock, we found a squad of French soldiers standing guard at the gang-plank ready to take the Germans as prisoners of war if the ship did not get under way at midnight. By a happy chance, no one

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asked for our permit from the Chief of Police, so that we slipped on board, feeling very thankful for our good luck. Nevertheless, we were far from being calm until the whistle announcing our departure sounded over the harbor, and I am pretty certain that some of those dignified German officers breathed a secret sigh of relief when they heard the blast, even though they did pretend to feel quite stoical about the whole matter."

FROM TRIESTE TO SAN GIORGIO

¶ Mr. Louis D. Ray of 15 West 84th Street, New York *Mr. Ray*
City, related the following experience:

"On Tuesday afternoon, August fourth, Mrs. Ray and I were sailing on the Austrian Lloyd steamship *Galicja* through the Straits of Otranto, just beyond Corfu, having come from Constantinople and the Piraeus. In the Straits, we saw an English fleet of four gunboats and four torpedo boat destroyers, but since England had not declared war at that time, our Austrian boat was not molested. Wednesday morning, we passed an Austrian fleet of three torpedo boats, two cruisers, and a dreadnought at target practice, an event which gave us an opportunity to see their marksmanship. I thought this very poor, since they hit the canvas only about once in seven trials. Thursday afternoon, we sighted Trieste, our port, and when we arrived there, we found the harbor almost dead; besides our vessel, nothing else was moving except another arriving ship and our tender, although there were sixty or seventy boats at anchor.

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“Almost as soon as we had landed, we were informed that all train and boat service to Italy had been cut off and that if we wished to continue our way there, we would have to either try our luck on a troop train or hire a motor. The next day, we decided to do the latter. Before starting, we had to get a permit from the chief of police, a Captain Lonce. We first went to the police station, thinking that he would naturally be there, but we found this place in charge of an Italian who carefully inspected our passports and then told us that we were in the wrong establishment and that we must see Captain Lonce personally, whom we would find at the barracks. After receiving this information we proceeded to the barracks, where we found soldiers everywhere. Since saluting seemed to be the proper thing to do, I saluted everybody I saw and everybody saluted in return with the greatest courtesy. We had to take places in a line which had formed at the Captain’s door, and when our turn arrived, we explained our desires carefully and in great detail, keeping our passports on display all the while.

“Captain Lonce treated us with marked courtesy, almost with cordiality, but while he was writing our police permit, he received three messages, one of which changed his attitude toward us from gallant attention to mere civility. This message informed him that Austria and Russia had broken off diplomatic connections and that the American Consul in Trieste would take charge of the Russian affairs there. Since we were, therefore, distantly connected with Russia—being Americans—he felt less cordially inclined toward us. He transacted our business, however, with all desirable dispatch, and, with a formal salute, dismissed us.

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“Then we started our motor trip up the wonderful mountains which lie at the head of the Adriatic above Trieste. We wound up and up for three thousand feet, catching beautiful vistas everywhere of green valleys interspersed with gleaming white houses and silvery rivers. Half way up, a soldier stopped us and demanded our permit. This he ‘read’ upside down, pronounced good, and then allowed us to pass. About a quarter of a mile further on, another guard stopped us, this time with a fixed bayonet. He, too, demanded our permit. After carefully comparing the number of our car with that on the paper, he also allowed us to proceed. We had gone about a half mile more, when a young blond giant, whose arms and legs extended for yards beyond his trousers and sleeves, commanded us to halt. He demanded our permit in the usual manner, but instead of pretending to read it, took it to his superior, while we carefully followed him. The officer gave his O.K. and allowed us to go on. At the seventh repetition of this procedure, my interpreter carelessly lost patience and swore at the soldier who had stopped us, whereupon the latter increased his severity at once by demanding that we unlock our trunks and bags for his inspection. I was perfectly willing to help him in his task, because I had come to the conclusion that the safest attitude to adopt, if we wished to get to Italy, was one of extreme civility.

“All went well in his search through two suitcases, three bags and one trunk until I had lifted the tray of the last named article, thereby exposing a Turkish coffee mill that we had bought in Constantinople. When the soldier saw this utensil, which resembles a piece of bronze pipe eight

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inches long by two in diameter, he thought that he had discovered a Servian bomb, and was about to put us under arrest. Mrs. Ray quickly came to our rescue, however, by hurriedly attaching the handle of the grinder and milling a few grains of coffee which fortunately remained in the 'infernal machine' from the last demonstration, and then holding the article close to the Austrian's nose, so that he might smell the odor of the berries. Even he appreciated the humor of the situation, and, with a grin, put the grinder back.

"Guards stopped us two more times and examined our baggage once more before we reached Cervignano, the town at the Austro-Italian border. Here the customs officers inspected it, but luckily, they did not discover the Turkish coffee mill.

"At this place, we had to change from our motor to a peasant's wagon that my interpreter had succeeded in ferreting out from a countryside destitute of horses and conveyances. We had wanted to go as far as San Giorgio in the automobile, but the chauffeur did not dare to take it out of Austria. After our ride in the peasant's wagon, we experienced no more refugee 'hardships,' since we went all the rest of the way to Genoa on regular trains."

MR. THANHOUSER'S SKETCH

Mr. Thanouser ¶ Mr. Edwin Thanouser, of New York City, tells just a few words. He said:

"The tragedy of it all came upon me in one brief second. One morning early, I stood at my bedroom window in

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Argentière watching a troop train pull out. The recruits shouted the *Marseillaise* with tremendous enthusiasm. The ardor with which they sang thrilled me through and through. Then suddenly, while their shouting still echoed in the distance, I heard a great wail below me and looking down, I saw the mother and sister of one of those boys sobbing as if their hearts would break. Never before have I experienced such a dramatic effect,—first the song and then the sob. It was tragic.”

THE BOMBARDMENT OF BELGRADE

Dr. Louis O. Hartman, of Chicago, Superintendent of the Foreign Department of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Sunday Schools, was in Servia at the outbreak of hostilities. He chanced to be in Semlin on July twenty-ninth, the day the Austrians first attacked Servia, and gives the following account of the bombardment of Belgrade: *Dr. Hartman*

“Just before my two friends and I arrived in Semlin, that little Servian town across the Danube from Belgrade, the natives blew up the railroad bridge connecting the two cities. About ten minutes after our arrival, the bombardment began. It all happened so unexpectedly that I could not believe my own ears or eyes. I felt at first that it was all being staged for the benefit of an audience; that the shells which burst from the cannons did not really kill people across the river, but only lodged harmlessly in a prepared pit. Yet as the roar continued throughout the day, the horror of it all began to crush me.

“The battle started when the Austrian warships steamed out of their places of shelter and moved up the Danube to

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a location from which they could open an effective fire upon the forts behind the city. With revengeful violence, they vomited broadside after broadside upon the age-old fortress of Belgrade, the nursery of anti-Austrian sentiment. Thick clouds of smoke hung over the vessels and the steady roar of their guns detonated through the historic valley. The Servians replied by firing at the ships, but their shells caused no damage.

"That the Austrian cannonading was producing havoc in the city, however, soon became apparent. Buildings caught fire and burned with tremendous fury. Great volumes of black smoke rolled over the district near Prince Michael Street. The mass spread and became more dense until it almost blotted out that part of the town. All day, the Austrians hurled shell against the enemy, and all day the fort tried vainly to retaliate.

"Towards evening, however, both sides gradually ceased firing, and as the sun slowly sank in a golden splendor far too brilliant for the close of such a tragic day, the Austrian warships steamed silently back to their retreats.

"All day long an expectant and dramatic hush had hung over Semlin. People talked in undertones and walked swiftly, almost stealthily, when they appeared on the streets. Very few shopkeepers had opened their establishments because very few customers would care to trade on a day so eventful as this. Besides, a feeling of uneasiness pervaded the town; everyone seemed to harbor a secret notion that the firing might be turned upon us at any minute. I noticed this anxiety everywhere; my waiter performed his duties with irritating distraction. I asked for

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coffee three times at luncheon and then received tea. But realizing his state of mind, I felt that his inattention might well be forgiven.

“After the ships had withdrawn, more people came into the streets, but all still maintained an air of uneasiness. One old Serb near me pointed to the western sky, muttering sentences unintelligible to my ear. I looked to where I had noticed the marvelously golden sunset but a few moments earlier and, to my surprise, I saw a sky of blood. One might have thought that a Supreme Hand had dashed a brush red with human gore against the blue canvas of the heavens. Probably the old Serb read a prophecy in the transformation of that sunset, and was muttering about the horrible days it presaged.

“That evening, while we were eating Hungarian goulash in our hotel with two English war correspondents, the noise of bombardment once more thundered through the valley. We all hurried out into the darkness leaving the meal half untouched to see what new attack was taking place. We found that the Austrians had come forth again and had resumed their terrific firing, this time with the aid of a powerful searchlight. The sharp inquisitive gleam of this instrument sought out vulnerable spots in the enemy’s position and when it had discovered a favorable target, the ship’s guns shot forth sharp flashes of fire which announced that the gunners had hurled destruction at the marks pointed out to them. spurts of flame like tiny discharges of lightning coming from the hill behind Belgrade showed that the fort still held out. Belgrade had lighted its street lamps in spite of the bombardment. We could

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distinguish the different thoroughfares by the paths of illumination, and everywhere we could see the little bits of brilliance which signified windows and doors.

“It was a night of contrasts. From above, a new moon shed a faint, peaceful radiance upon wide sleeping fields. Below, the Austrian searchlight swept the river and Belgrade with vindictive brightness. Intervals of ominous silence, after a series of thundering broadsides, produced a distinct sensation upon our ears. With the shifting of the wind, we smelled alternately the pungent smoke of battle or the earthly fragrance of newly harvested fields. Even though the reality of the conflict had come fully upon me during the day, towards the late hours of the evening, I once again vaguely sensed, with that uncertainty which a person feels in a dream, that it all could not be true, that a stage manager stood somewhere behind the wings directing the production. It took place with too much precision; it was too ‘perfect’ a battle. With the vessels steaming up the placid river and firing upon the fort and with the fort replying quite precisely, the whole bombardment seemed too much a matter of fact, too perfunctory, an affair which did not greatly concern either contestant. When I went back to my hotel, however,—about two hours later, after the Austrians had again withdrawn—and saw the strained faces of the men and the tear-wet eyes of the women, the earnestness of it all struck me with renewed force.

“My party left Semlin that evening on the last train taking civilians. As we rolled away from the scene of the conflict, we wondered what the outcome of that battle would be. Little did we realize that the firing we had

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witnessed would go down in the annals of mankind as the beginning of one of the most frightful world wars history will ever record.”

IN SWITZERLAND

¶ During the first few days following the outbreak of international hostilities, many Americans thought that Switzerland might be the country of refuge, but they quickly discovered the error of this notion, for the rush of Europe's dominant powers into the maelstrom of military activities sucked in the little Mountain Republic almost at once. *In Switzerland*

¶ When the mobilization calls in Switzerland took proprietors, concierges, and waiters from hotels; cabmen, chauffeurs, and automobiles from the streets, the foreign visitors were forced to go. One of the passengers, who was a guest at the Hotel Alexandra in Lausanne at the time, told of the situation with great feeling.

“I felt such pity for the men who had to quit their wives and families and occupations because in a far-off land a maniac had killed an archduke who meant nothing to them. One could see that they had no interest in the fight. A waiter in our hotel came in to serve tea one afternoon, upset with surpressed emotion. I remarked that he looked unwell. He replied with terrible bitterness, ‘Madame, I am aflame inside. After I have served you this afternoon, I must go to war, not because we have been wronged, not for our liberty, but because a madman wants to change a map. For his insane idea, we must give up our lives.’

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“On another occasion, I overheard one of those young foreigners who come to Lausanne to learn the hotel business—in this case an Englishman—say with a great deal of feeling, ‘Just now, I have said good-bye to four dear friends, a German, a Frenchman, an Austrian, and a Swiss. We drank one last toast to our eternal friendship. Now they have gone to fight against one another. Perhaps my government will call me, so that I, too, may have to take up arms against them.’ Two days later, he was called.

“It seems to me that this great twentieth century conflict will teach us that we all—French, English, American, or Servian—belong to one great family, and that when one nation turns against another, we all suffer.

“My own personal experiences are probably the same as those of all Americans who were in Switzerland at the time. On Tuesday, August fourth, only four days after the beginning of war activities, all the horses in Lausanne had disappeared. We tried all day to get our baggage to the station but we could find no conveyance. After we had given up all hope of ever getting it to the train, our courier appeared with what he said was the last horse in the city, an old beast, too decrepit for military service. This poor creature pulled our trunks to the station, while we women—six of us—walked, for we absolutely could not get a carriage.

“Before we left Lausanne, we saw hotels being closed all about us. The men had gone to the front, and the maids had gone to the harvest fields, in order to save the precious crops from rotting.

“Everywhere we found Americans in distress. The banks had refused to cash checks, so that no one could pay

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hotel bills. Some proprietors began to ask payment because they had to pay cash for their milk and food, and the guests could give them no money. What the Americans will do when the hotels close, I cannot imagine. As it was, many did not have enough money in cash to leave Switzerland. Perhaps they will have to walk as the Italian workers in Germany and Switzerland did. We saw thousands of these poor people with only the clothes on their backs and the little things they could carry, struggling to reach Italy. All their larger effects had to be left behind.

"It was all horrible. My sympathy has been worn threadbare. I only wish that I could help the Americans who are still there."

FRAGMENTS FROM A PERSONAL JOURNAL

SATURDAY

¶ AUGUST 1. Today is the Swiss mid-summer patriotic day, but for the first time in many hundreds of years—somebody said 633—it was not celebrated. All the fêtes planned for the day were abruptly abandoned, because word had gone out that the army must mobilize. Crowds of men surrounded government placards everywhere learning where and when they were to report. I went into a confectionery shop to buy some candy. The old Swiss woman who waited on me said as she sold me some little red ices each of which was decorated with a white cross, "This is the only celebration we can have today."

*A Personal
Journal*

SUNDAY

AUGUST 2. The bulletin boards are still the centers of excited groups. Soldiers hurried through the Place St.

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Francois all day, and nearly every man not in uniform wore a little Swiss flag. The pigeons fluttered as usual above the vivid flowers clustered about the church entrance, but no one noticed them. The old grey edifice was crowded to the vestibule and the tremendous volume which issued from all of these throats when they sang that cry of a troubled and defenseless human soul "A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never yielding" sounded far across the Square. The good pastor, an eloquent man, besought the people to "be strong and of good courage."

MONDAY

AUGUST 3. Our waiters are all leaving. Some of them do not want to go at all. One said this noon with terrible emphasis, "This is a war of Emperors and the Emperors will hear from us after it is over."

The proprietor has changed our menus; we have been put on reduced rations. They say that the food supply of Switzerland is not sufficient to provide for the people if the country passes through a long period of isolation.

My tailor said today that he was going to close, since both his customers and his workmen have all left. I did not think that the war would affect even the tailors in less than a week.

IN GERMANY

Prof. Newbold ¶ Professor Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania, was one of the many Americans caught in Austria's Spas. His narrative tells of the way in which Americans learned

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of the hostilities and of the manner in which they left the belligerent country. He said:

"I was at Bad Gastein on July 25th, the day Serbia's refusal to accept Austria's demands reached the public. I happened to be in the hotel lobby when a man came in with the news. At first, I thought that the air would be filled with jingoistic talk, but to my surprise, the Austrians evinced only gravity and concern. The crowd in the lobby broke up into little groups who talked in serious undertones about the unexpected complications.

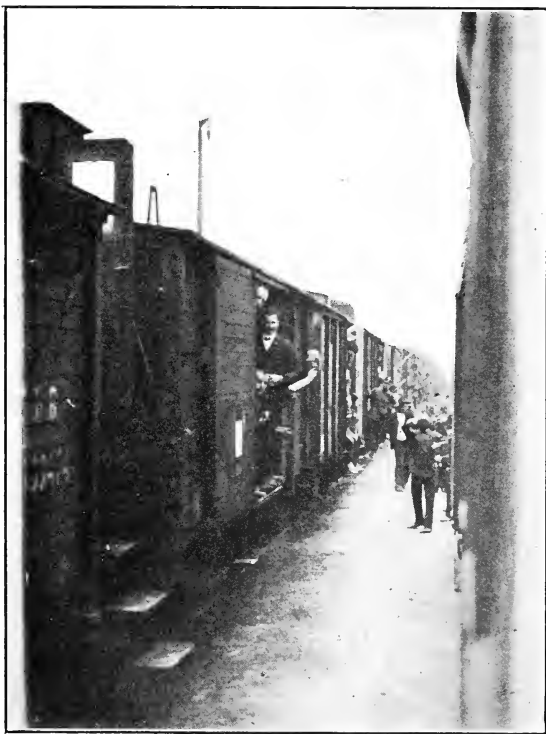
"We guests felt the disturbance of war at once. The very next morning at nine o'clock, the proprietor informed us that the last trains to Vienna and Budapest would leave Gastein at midnight. On hearing this news, all the people going north packed and rushed to the station. During the following week, patients from all parts of the world flocked from the Spa. Probably 1000 went in five days.

"When Austria called for a general mobilization, the abject misery of the men who would have to defend Kaiser and Krone filled me with sorrow. When my waiter learned that he had to go, he burst into tears. 'We don't want to fight,' he said; 'but what can we do? We have had no Reichstag. A few old men in Vienna put their heads together, and say we should go to kill some other people who feel just the way we do, and then we must do it.'

"On Saturday, we went to Salzburg where we found pitiable desertion. Men, horses, automobiles,—all had been drafted into the army. From Salzburg, we went to Freilass, at the German border. Here we had to stop while

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the officials inspected our papers and baggage. Confusion reigned everywhere; all the porters had gone to the war, so that the travelers had to carry their own luggage. The men did not mind this work greatly, but the women experienced serious difficulties in lifting their heavy bags.



AN AUSTRIAN TRAIN DURING THE MOBILIZATION

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The train to Munich filled up in a second, and even after one would have said that not a single person more could get on, a hundred more climbed aboard. People sat in the corridors and in the narrow aisles between the seats, and even in the windows. If Satan is modern enough to employ trains to carry his victims from Purgatory to Gehenna, he might well take that train from Freilass to Munich as a criterion of torture.

“We reconciled ourselves to our discomfitures by thinking that all our privations would be over when we arrived at Munich, but when we reached this famous old city, we found that we were stepping from the frying pan into the fire. The scene at the station baffles description. We became jammed between piles of baggage fifteen feet high, and for a while, I thought that I should never get any further into Munich. After some time of suffocation, however, we finally reached the streets. These we found full of singing soldiers. *Die Wacht am Rhein* and *Deutschland Über Alles* rang out from thousands of patriotic throats. It was thrilling, but it also sent shivers down my spine to hear that fervor to kill fellow beings.

“As soon as we had arrived at our hotel in Munich, we learned that it would be best for us to depart from Germany immediately. I met one of my former colleagues in the Department of Philosophy at Pennsylvania, Professor Fullerton of Columbia University and the University of Vienna, who lives in Munich, and he advised me to go to Switzerland, saying that the German government was already quartering troops on the citizens. Even as he spoke, an officer walked up to the hotel desk and asked for a *Quartierung*.

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“We took the last train out of Munich to Lindau, from where we proceeded to Genoa.

“One of the incidents in connection with the war which struck me with great force was the manner in which the Austrian and German governments censored the news. Three days after Italy had declared her neutrality, we still read in the Kaiser’s publications announcements of King Emmanuel’s readiness to fight with his allies in the Triple Alliance. When the newspapers finally came forth with the information that Italy was going to remain neutral, they put it in such a light that the Austrians and Germans could not perceive her unfriendly attitude. One Vienna journal announced that for the present Italy would remain neutral because she had 70,000 soldiers in Africa, and needed the rest of her troops to defend her many miles of coastline. Not until we had reached Genoa, did I learn of the true attitude Italy had adopted towards the Alliance.

“I distinctly remember a conversation I had with an Italian soldier who rode in our compartment to Genoa. In reply to my question as to whether or not his country would fight with Germany, he said, ‘Surely we will fight. We are bound in honor to do so. Yet it means our ruin; our open coasts lie at the mercy of the English and French fleets, but fight we must. However, I cannot help saying that Germany did wrong in crossing Belgium after agreeing to recognize her neutrality; such conduct is unpardonable—it is a terrible dishonor to the Kaiser.’ ”

THE UNOFFICIAL LOG

THE UNOFFICIAL LOG

¶ Logs of ships voyages are usually terribly exact accounts which state the latitude, longitude, and precise hour of events, their cause, effect, and instructive value, the names of the witnesses, their homes, occupations and favorite flowers, besides many other items of important information; and for the purpose of official record, these logs possess great merit. But this one of the refugee voyage of the *Principe di Udine* will be marked with little of that desirable nautical precision, and for that reason, I have carefully labeled it "Unofficial".

¶ Probably no one of the refugees will ever forget the scene at the Genoa wharf as the time for departure drew near. Staggering porters and excited passengers bumped into one another on the gang-plank; vendors of gaudy steamer chairs competed with peddlers of cheap binoculars to get the last few centissimi from the slim purses of the departing voyagers. The poor, disappointed fellow-Americans, who had to stay behind, tried to be cheerful and to wish us enthusiastic "God-speeds" while the never-to-be-forgotten Italian band struggled heroically to render the *Star Spangled Banner* with enthusiasm and éclat. And certainly no one will forget the belated arrival of a large man clad in a light linen suit who jumped aboard just as the captain was about to order the gang-plank pulled in.

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¶ After this last refugee had reached the deck, the boat began to move from the dock amidst a final pandemonium of tooting whistles, shrill goodbyes, parting cheers, and more vigorous and more discordant strains of the grand old

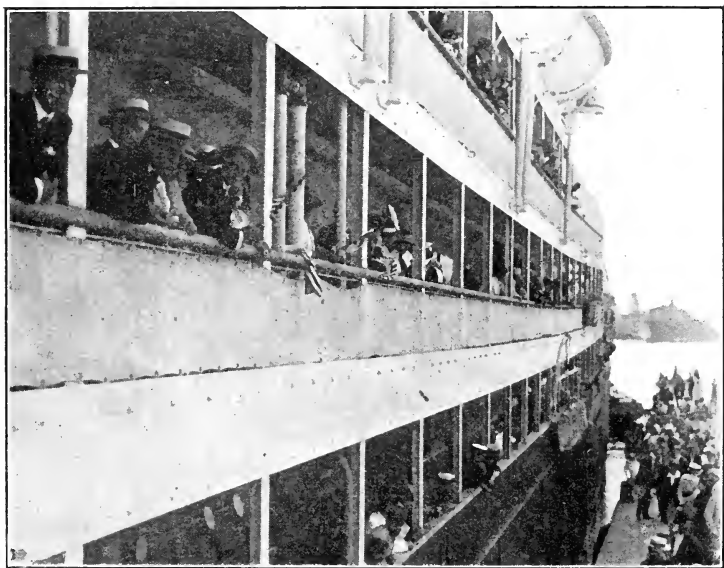


STAGGERING PORTERS AND HURRYING PASSENGERS

national anthem. Passengers crowded to the rails waving their little American flags in final farewell, and shouting last words of encouragement to the brave people whom we had to leave in Genoa. Soon, the whole scene on the dock melted into a confused mass of straw hats, colored umbrellas, and

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dark suits; finally, even Dr. Jones, clad in a blue coat and white flannels, on his little tug in our wake, became just a speck of black and white against the water, and our refugee trip across the Atlantic was on.

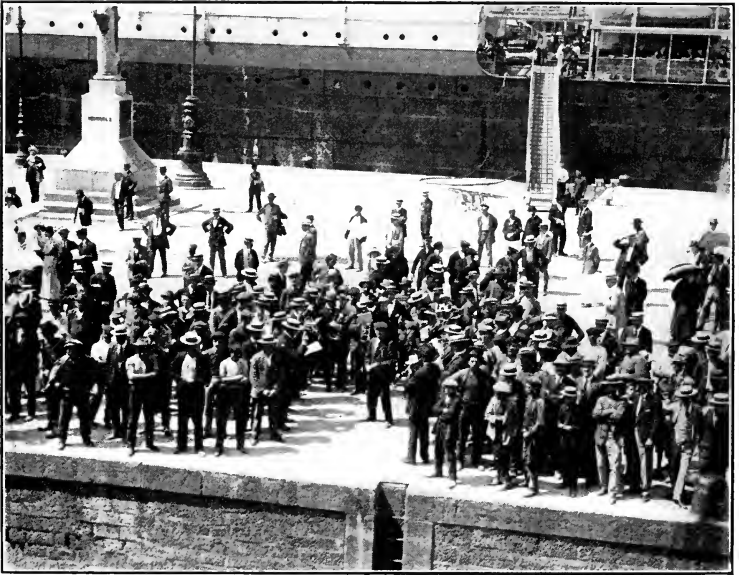


WAVING FINAL FAREWELLS FROM THE SHIP'S RAIL

¶ Probably no more unique voyage than this one of the *Pincipe di Udine* has ever started from Genoa's historic harbor since Columbus first blazed the way to America. Never has a ship's company been made up of four hundred tourists flying from the battle fumes of a general European

A REFUGEE SHIP

conflict—unless possibly a few stray colonists rushed from the roar of Napoleon's guns; what is more, probably very few genuine refugees crossing the Atlantic have ever enjoyed all the privileges of a private yacht, as every one



THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN ITALIAN BAND

on board the *Udine* did, even the steerage passengers. This arrangement, whereby no class distinctions were observed other than those absolutely necessary to the good management of the ship, established a feeling of solidarity seldom if ever seen amongst the company of a three-class

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steamer. Since the passengers felt drawn together by the hardships and privations they had endured in common in Europe, a true spirit of congeniality prevailed on board, a state of affairs which was made even more delightful by the



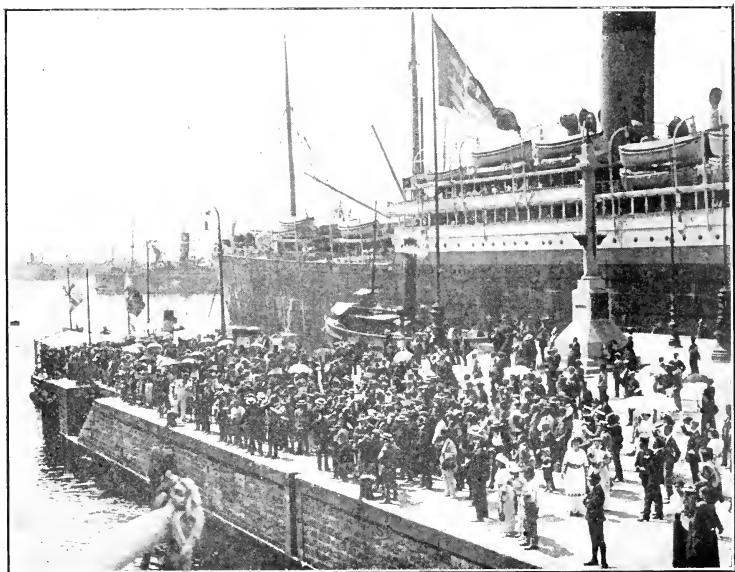
CONSUL GENERAL JONES SAYING GOOD BYE

careful attention Captain Tiscornia and his staff and the Committee of Guarantors gave to every refugee's slightest want. If a person unfamiliar with the circumstances attendant to the sailing of the ship had boarded her in mid-ocean, he would undoubtedly have thought that he

A REFUGEE SHIP

had encountered a large private party cruising for the summer.

¶ During the first few days out, the experiences undergone on the Continent formed the principal topic for conversation



A SMALL PART OF THE CROWD LEFT BEHIND ON THE DOCK

with young and old alike. The more harrowing adventures went the rounds of the ship with amazing rapidity. After the languor which an ocean voyage always induces had begun to overcome everybody, however, thoughts of Germany, Switzerland, and Genoa receded before hazy day dreams

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and plots of fascinating books. Gradually the tenseness which had at first prevailed grew less, and finally this gave way to a general feeling of relief and ease, so that the ship began to bubble over with good spirits.



A LAST VIEW OF GENOA

¶ Within a short time, the Committee on Entertainments had the young people engaged in dances and deck sports, and had arranged a series of afternoon meetings in the dining salon at which fellow passengers spoke. On Monday, August 17, Mr. Smith gave his talk, "The Ship That Sailed";

A REFUGEE SHIP

the next afternoon, Mr. Eugene H. Byrne, of the University of Wisconsin, spoke on "The Beginnings of Genoa"; on Wednesday, Mr. Paul S. Reinsch, United States Minister to China, gave a lecture on "American Business Work in



DECK TENNIS

China"; Friday afternoon, Mr. George B. McClellan, formerly Mayor of New York and at present a professor at Princeton, read a paper on "Italy's Relation to the Present War" which will soon appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*; Saturday afternoon, Mr. Gano Dunn, one of the country's foremost electrical engineers, gave a lecture on "Wireless Telegraphy".

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¶ At the conclusion of the talks on the various afternoons, Dr. Butler, who acted as chairman, opened the meetings to general discussion. On two occasions, the ship's company passed resolutions in which they expressed their thankfulness to the men who had made the voyage possible. The first set, containing an appreciation of the work of Consul General Jones of Genoa, is as follows:

“1. We, the passengers on the good ship *Principe di Udine* of the Lloyd Sabaudo Line, desire to express our heartiest appreciation of what the United States Consul General at Genoa,

JOHN EDWARD JONES,

has recently done in our behalf, in assisting us, in a time of sudden and extraordinary emergency, to return safely and quickly to our American homes.

“2. We desire to recognize the sympathy and the kindness with which the Consul General, ably seconded by his office force, treated each one of us, making our troubles his own, cheering us up when we were losing heart, and seeking out special cases of need among our afflicted countrymen and women.

“3. Resolved, that we desire to publish to our country the unwearied faithfulness of our Consul General in acting day and night for our relief, doing all that could be expected of any consul and much more, with an admirable tact and skill and untiring expenditure of patient effort.

“4. Resolved, that we pray God's richest blessing on the man whose sympathy, ability, faithfulness, and courage

A REFUGEE SHIP

we can never forget. He was the right man in the right place at the right time, and will always serve our memories as the type of official whom the American people ought to have in times of greatest need.

“5. Resolved, that the Chairman of the meeting of passengers be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to the Honorable Secretary of State.”

(Signed) Edward Rondthaler, *Chairman*
Edward M. Farnsworth, *Secretary*
George B. McClellan
Park Benjamin
Benjamin W. Fredericks

August 18, 1914.

¶ The second set adopted, the next day, reads as follows:

“Resolved, by this meeting of the passengers on this 19th day of August, 1914, that we express our deepest gratitude, our great debt, and our lasting appreciation of the work and accomplishment of the Committee of Guarantors as represented by Messrs. Smith, Butler, Dunn and Vanderbilt, the other ladies and gentlemen who have borne the burden of the clerical work, and the doctors who have so cheerfully and efficiently attended to the preservation of our health.

“Be it further resolved that we express our appreciation to the Commander and officers of the ship *Principe di Udine* for the many ways in which they have ministered to our comfort and for their unfailing courtesy.”

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¶ At the last meeting, the passengers voted that the Chair appoint a committee whose duties would be to inform public opinion in the United States, and if necessary, to visit Washington, to make representation to the proper government officials, regarding the urgent needs, both financial and as to transportation, of Americans traveling in Europe at the outbreak of the war. Dr. Butler appointed the following men to serve on the committee:

R. A. C. Smith, New York, *Chairman*
Park Benjamin, New York
Henry Burnett, Louisville, Kentucky
Nicholas Murray Butler, New York
Gano Dunn, New York
William G. Frizell, Dayton, Ohio
Edwin B. Gager, Derby, Connecticut
Charles C. Hoyt, Brookline, Massachusetts
George B. McClellan, New York
William R. Newbold, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Theodore W. Noyes, Washington, D. C.
Stewart Paton, Princeton, New Jersey
Charles K. Paul, Chicago, Illinois
Edward Rondthaler, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Jacob G. Schmidlapp, Cincinnati, Ohio
Sidney T. Smythe, Delafield, Wisconsin.
Landon Thomas, Augusta, Georgia.

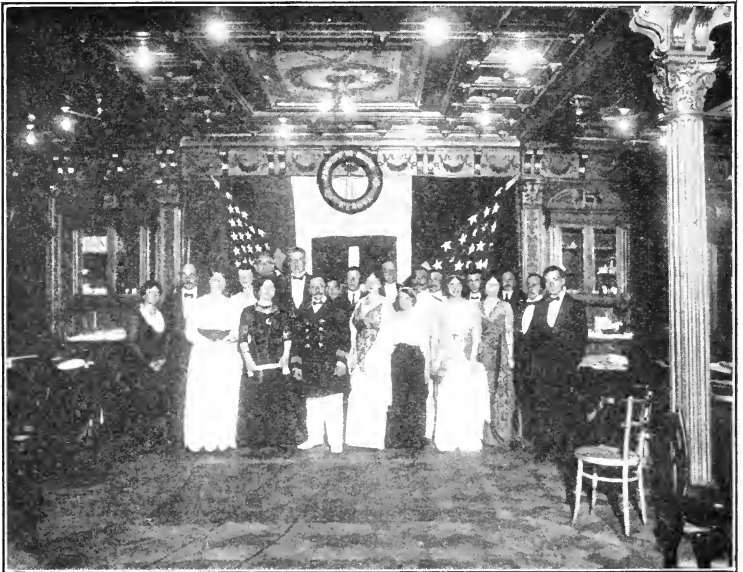
(See footnote)

¶ On the evening of Friday, the twenty-first, the ship's company enjoyed a concert given by the orchestra and fellow passengers. Divine Service was held both Sundays at sea.

(These men met at the Hotel Biltmore in New York on Tuesday, August 25, with an assistant to the Secretary of State, and officially expressed to him their satisfaction with the steps the Government had taken at that time.)

A REFUGEE SHIP

Dr. Rondthaler, of North Carolina, Bishop in the Moravian Church, conducted the first service, and Mr. A. E. Cory, of Cincinnati, the second.



A FEW OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY ON THE EVENING OF THE CONCERT

¶ Tuesday, the eighteenth, at 10:30 A. M., (unofficial log time) we crossed the half way point of our voyage. The time could not have been more opportune; fortune had sent us a smooth sea and a cloudless sky, so that all the passengers were on deck to watch the hoisting of the stars

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and stripes to the forepeak. Captain Tiscornia, Mr. Smith, Dr. Butler, and Mr. Dunn, stood on the bridge, while the big whistle saluted and the crowd cheered the colors.

¶ Only twice during the voyage did we come in actual contact with the war, although the wireless—that magic voice of the sky—kept us closely informed about the happenings in Europe. Every morning, Mr. Dunn posted bulletins of the news which had been caught during the preceding night. At first, we read of German defeats everywhere, but later, we saw statement after statement of German victory. On August nineteenth, a black-bordered announcement appeared saying that Pope Pius had died. Out of the confused rattle of clickings and tappings which had reached the operator's ears during the night watches, he had "read" the news, but not wishing to post any misinformation, he gave the statement as follows: "It is officially announced that His Holiness, Pope Pius the Tenth, is dying. A later report says he is really dead."

¶ Our first contact with the war after we had left Genoa happened at Gibraltar, the third evening out. The sun had just gone down behind the historic rock, and the soft darkness of twilight was beginning to cast a haze over its sharp outlines when of a sudden, a small torpedo boat destroyer speeded towards us from the shadows. Since Dr. Butler had prepared for such an incident before weighing anchor by obtaining permission through the kindness of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, to pass Gibraltar, and since the American flag was at the peak, we felt pretty sure that we would not be delayed. Yet it caused

A REFUGEE SHIP

a thrill to see the little belligerent vessel approach with the swiftness of a greyhound. When it had come alongside, one of the Englishmen flashed the white beam of a powerful searchlight first at our colors and then at our decks crowded with passengers who had turned out to see the King's fighting ship.

¶ The English officer in command called the customary, "Where are you from and where bound?" and upon receiving the reply, "From Genoa to New York, carrying American citizens," he ordered the inquisitive ray turned off, and then, with a final "Thank you", directed his little craft back to the protecting rock. A lusty cheer from four hundred American throats followed his vessel across the water.

¶ Our other experience with a man-o-war happened some seven hundred miles off the coast of New York on Friday, the twenty-first. About five o'clock in the afternoon, we received a wireless message from a ship far down on the starboard quarter behind us.

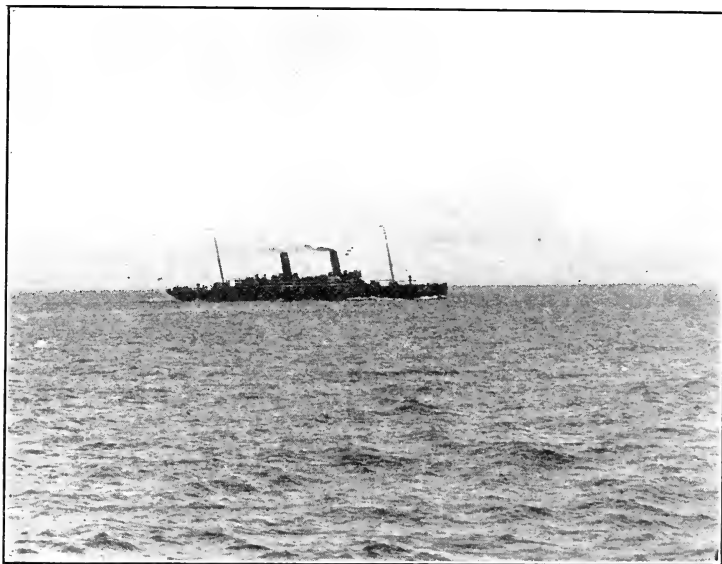
¶ "To I. Y. U.," it called, (I. Y. U. is the wireless name for the *Principe di Udine*) "Stop your ship by order of our commander. Tell your captain to stop his engines and await us."

¶ Our operator, Signor Amici, asked, "Please give your name."

¶ "We are an English warship," came the reply.

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¶ Then Signore Amici answered for Captain Tiscornia, "Your message received. Our engines are stopped."



THE ENGLISH AUXILIARY CRUISER

¶ The other continued, "To I. Y. U.: Please tell us from what port you sailed, where you are bound, what cargo you have, and how many passengers."

¶ We replied, "To English warship: From Genoa to New York. Little general merchandise. 399 passengers, American citizens. Vessel chartered by American Consul General."

A REFUGEE SHIP

¶ Then came the response, "You may proceed. Sorry to have delayed you. Wish you pleasant voyage."



WATCHING THE CRUISER PASS

¶ While this conversation was going on, the black hull and smoking funnels grew larger and larger as the vessel approached us, churning white foam in the indigo sea.

¶ When the ship drew near, the excitement on the *Udine* became intense; passengers crowded even high up on the life-boats in order to get an unobstructed view of His Majesty's man-o-war. Our vessel, with flags flying from

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every mast and with hundreds of passengers lining the rails, must have presented a brilliant spectacle to the Britishers; and certainly, the auxiliary cruiser made an interesting sight to us as she steamed past. With binoculars, we could make out her formidable guns, and even the red and white of the ensigns floating at her tops.

¶ Ever since the two vessels had reached signaling distance, their captains had been supplementing the wireless conversation with International Code communication. Our excited Italian sailors hoisted string after string of parti-colored flags in response to the questioning banners flying from the English halyards, until the captain of the cruiser gave us the word to proceed.

¶ While the black vessel was drawing away, we suddenly ran into a shower, whose approach had been unnoticed in the excitement of watching the cruiser. It blew over in a moment, however; and then, as if to announce that our war experiences were finally ended, a beautiful rainbow appeared. After seeing this good omen, we felt that we should have no more "refugee" troubles. Memories of trials on the Continent quickly receded before thoughts of America, and conversations about the arrival in New York took precedence over all others during the rest of the voyage.

¶ On Sunday, the formal farewells between the captain and his ship's company presaged the ending of the voyage. Captain Tiscornia's after dinner toast that

A REFUGEE SHIP

evening very fittingly conveys an idea of the careful courtesy he extended to his passengers on this unique trip. He said:

“Ladies and Gentlemen:

“The friendship which has existed for so many years between your country and mine makes it most appropriate that you should be returning home upon an Italian ship.

“Italy rejoices to be of service to Americans as America has always rejoiced to serve Italians in their need. If I have been so fortunate as to have helped you on your way, I am more than repaid by your friendship, which I assure you, I can never forget.

“May this voyage of the *Principe di Udine* serve to bind our countries more closely together.

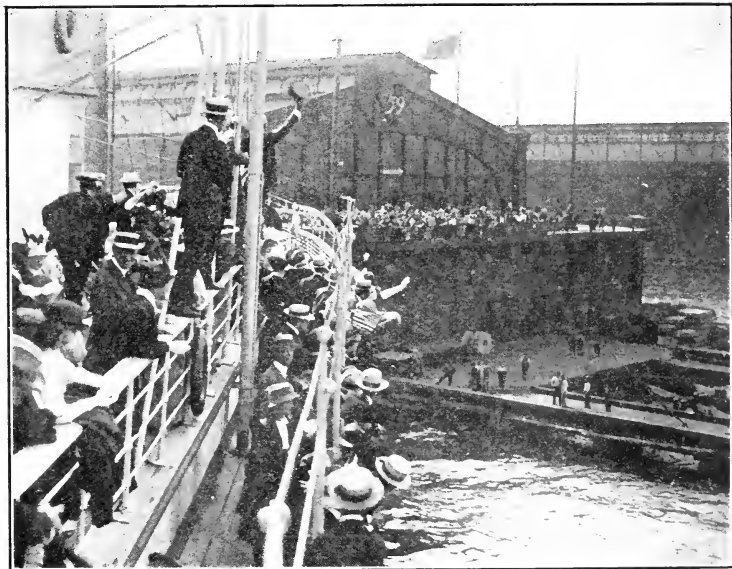
“I drink to the health and happiness of the United States and Italy.”



THE MASCOT IN SAFE HANDS

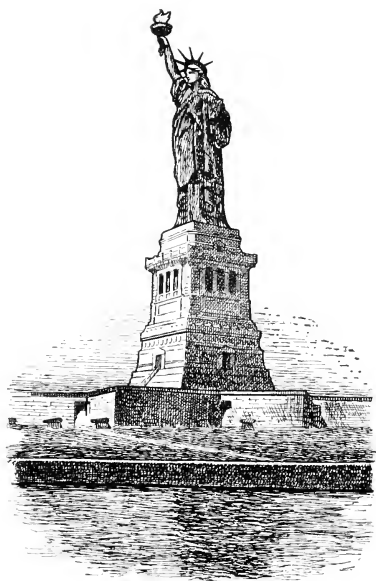
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¶ Thus endeth the Unofficial Log of the eventful voyage of the *Principe di Udine*. Because of limitations of space, many interesting events have not been recorded. No mention has been made of the stony Balearics, the green Azores,



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK

the flying fish that disported themselves during the early morning hours, the leaping dolphins, nor of a hundred other incidents we all remember; but the omissions must be forgiven, for the Log is but unofficial after all.



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REFUGEES ON THE *PRINCIPE DI UDINE*

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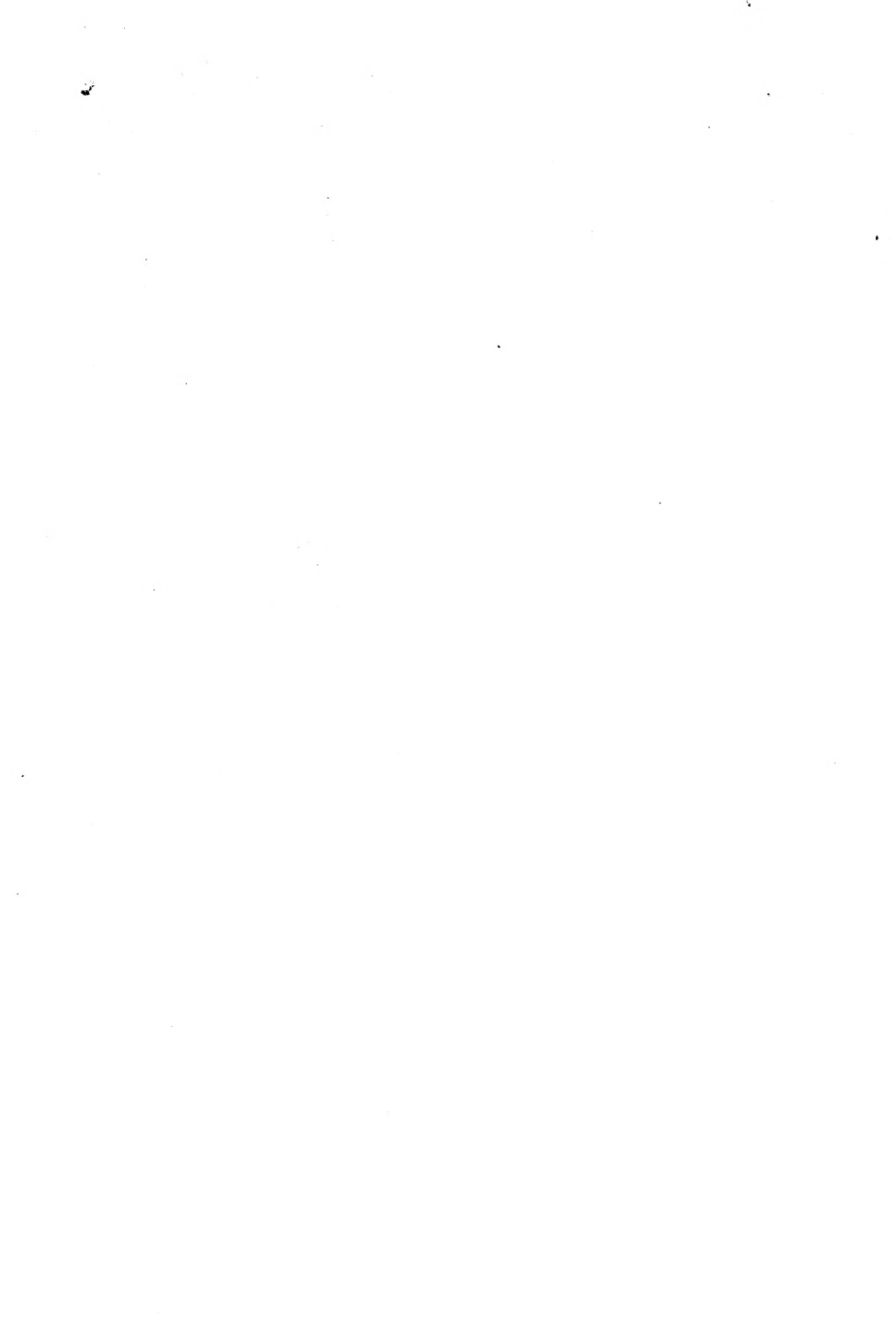
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MRS. KATE OEHMSON	"
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